



ALLAN RAMSAY.



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THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A

SCOTS
PASTORAL COMEDY.

BY

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Adorned with CUTS, the OVERTURES to
the SONGS, and a complete GLOSSARY.

*Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine pœta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum
Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo.*

VIRG.

GLASGOW:

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MDCCLVIII.

GRITLY SHEPHERD

SCOTS

PASTORAL COMEDY

ALLAN RAMSAY

Author of the "Scottish Shepherd"
and the "Scottish Shepherdess"

GLASGOW:

MDCCLVII

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T H E
G E N T L E S H E P H E R D,
A
S C O T S
P A S T O R A L C O M E D Y;

Inscribed to the Right Honourable,
SUSANNA Countess of Eglington.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says, *The Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural*

iv DEDICATION.

flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will croud into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of Eglington, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shines with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what's due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field's ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: Be that the care of the herauld and historian. 'Tis personable merit, and the heavenly sweetness
of

D E D I C A T I O N. ▽

of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues gives liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: For whilst you are possesst of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries one of better sense than good nature: But what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?-- Very true; but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, To speak what every body thinks. Indeed there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life: but the Bard who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure, in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.----I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: but if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all

vi DEDICATION.

*my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour;
I shall hope to be class'd with Tasso and
Guarini, and sing with Ovid,*

If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

most obedient, and

most devoted servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.



T O T H E
C O U N T E S S O F *EGLINTOUN*,

With the following

P A S T O R A L.

A CCEPT, O *EGLINTOUN*! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on *Scotia's* blestful plains,
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, through the verdant meads to stray.
Oh come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!

The

The fair shall read of ardors, sighs and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise !
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes !
When first the fair one, pitious of his fate,
Kind of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And blushing beauteous smiles the kind consent !
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In *Charlot's* smile, or in *Maria's* frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age,
Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
As thy *Eliza* might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the *rural state* bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes ;
Secure alike from envy and from care ;
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear :
Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content.

Serenely

Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair *Humeia's* soul.

But now the *rural state* these joys has lost ;
Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now *happiness* forefakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwelling where she fix'd her seat.
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race ;
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She uninvited came a welcome guest :
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts ;
Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed ;
Then dowerless beauty lost the power to move ;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers blood :
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms :
The voice of impious mirth is heard around ;
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd :

Unpu-

Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And *happiness* forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh *happiness*! from human search retir'd,
Where art thou to be found by all desir'd?
Nun sober and devout? why art thou fled,
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aspect mild! ah why unkind,
Fly'st thou displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
Where, with thy fire *content*, thou lov'st to dwell.
Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with th' industrious planter, dost thou talk,
Conversing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold
Watchful and studious of the treasured gold?
Seeks *knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
Still musing silent at the morning hour?
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
In *Stair's* wisdom, or in *Erskine's* charms.

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil;
In vain we seek the city or the cell,
Alone with virtue knows the pow'r to dwell.

Nor

Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast ;
But many passions must the blessing cost :
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy, grieving at another's state.
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
When these are in the human bosom nurst,
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst ?
Unlike, O EGLINTOUN! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest ;
From the tumultuous rule of passions free'd,
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind ;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame ?
Bold in thy presence *bashfulness* appears,
And backward *merit* loses all its fears.
Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace,
Confer'd is thine, an early blooming race.
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
Divine instruction ! taught of thee to charm.
What transports shall they to thy soul impart ?
(The conscious transports of a parents heart)
When thou beholdest them of each grace possess,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest ;

After

- After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.
Thrice happy ! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely *EGLINTOUNS* of other days.

Mean while peruse the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains,
In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
The garb our muses wore in former years ;
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own ;
While 'midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this O *EGLINTOUN* ! delight thee most,
T' enjoy that *innocence* the world has lost.

W. H.

PATIE

PATIE and *ROGER*:

A

PASTORAL

Inscribed to

JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

Secretary of the Admiralty.

THE nipping frosts and driving snaw
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld *Boreas* sleeps, the *Zephyres* blaw,
And ilka Thing
Sae dainty, youthfu, gay and bra'
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since *Burchet* awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath some tree
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,

B

To

To him wha has sae courteously,
To weaker light,
Set these rude sonnets sung by me
In truest light.

12

In truest light may a' that's fine
In his fair character still shine,
Sma' need he has of fangs like mine,
To beet his name;
For frae the North to Southern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

16

His fame, which ever shall abide,
While hist'ries tell of tyrants pride,
Wha vainly strive upon the tide
T' invade these lands,
Where *Briton's* royal fleet doth ride,
Which still commands.

20

These doughty actions frae his pen,
Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
How stubborn navies did contend
 Upon the waves,
How free-born Briton's faught like men,
 Their faes like slaves.

24

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
This country sang my fancy flew,

Keen

xi. To weaker sight, set these, &c.] Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English justly and elegantly.

27. *Free his pen*] His valuable naval history.

DEDICATION.

xv

Keen your just merit to pursue ;

But ah ! I fear,

In giving praises that are due,

I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r ;

May powers aboon with kindly care,

Grant you a lang and muckle skair

Of a' that's good,

Till unto langest life and mair

You've healthfu' flood.

May never care your blessings sowr,

And may the muses ilka hour

Improve your mind, and haunt your bower :

I'm but a callan ;

Yet may I please you, while I'm your

Devoted ALLAN.



The P E R S O N S.

M E N.

Sir William Worthy.

Patie, *The Gentle Shepherd in love with Peggy.*

Roger, *A rich young shepherd in love with Jenny.*

Symon, } *Two old shepherds, tennants to Sir Wil-*
Glaud, } *liam.*

Bauldy, *A hynd engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

Peggy, *Thought to be Glaud's niece.*

Jenny, *Glaud's only daughter.*

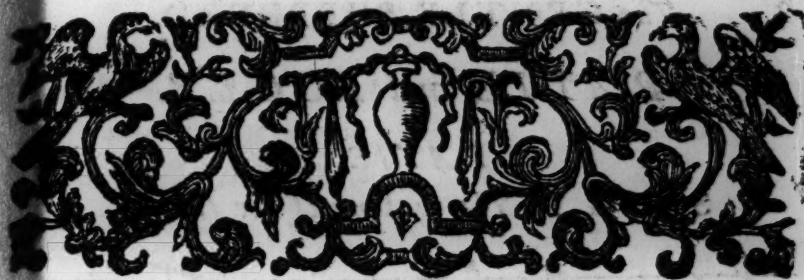
Mause, *An old woman supposed to be a witch.*

Elspa, *Symon's wife.*

Madge, *Glaud's sister.*

SCENE, *A shepherd's village and fields
some few miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of action, *Within twenty hours.*



THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD:
A
SCOTS
PASTORAL COMEDY.

ACT I.
SCENE I.

*Beneath the southside of a craigy bield,
Where chrystal springs their hale some waters yield;
Twa youthful shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor ROGER granes till hollow echoes ring,
But blyther PATIE likes to laugh and sing.*

The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE.

SANG I. *The waking of the faulds.*

M^r Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day and always gay,

My

*My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
When'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,-
To a' the leave I'm cauld :
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At waking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld ;
And naithing gies me sic delight
As waking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play ;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At waking of the fauld.*

THIS

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood
 And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
 How hartsome is't to see the rising plants ?
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants
 How hale some 'tis to snuff the cawler air,
 And all the sweets it bears when void of care ?
 What ails thee, Roger, then ? what gars thee grane ?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate !
 I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowand flood,
 Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood :
 But I, opprest with never ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Pa. The bees shall loath the flow'r and quit the hive,
 The faughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornful queans, or loss of warldly gear,
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say ; but 'tis no easy done
 By ane whase saul's sae sadly out of tune.
 You have sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
 You are the darling of both auld and young.
 If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek ;
 And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
 While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought.
 Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
 For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
 And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat.



Act I.

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To

Pat. But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly with your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear ?
A mind that's serimpit never wants some care.

Ro. My byar tumbled, nine bra' nout were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were ; yet I these ills endur'd :
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Pa. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Lefs you wad los, and lefs you wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep ;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a los.
O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drouth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clut,
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plume-tree made, with iv'ry virls round,
A dainty whistle with a pleasant sound ;
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, Patie, na ! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lyes heavier at my breast :
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens !

Daft

6 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye have guefs'd o'er true
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a-squint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow;
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat
He sighs for Neps:—Sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I coud'na loe her:---but in vain;
I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like;
Even while he fawn'd, she strake the poor dumb tike
If I had filled a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delight;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 7

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbet chuck?

Yonder's a craig; since ye have tint all hope,
Gae til't your ways, and take the lover's loup.

Rog. I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill;
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.

Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as well

As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel:

Last morning I was gay and early out,

Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,

I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;

I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me:

For yet the sun was wadding through the mist,

And she was close upon me e'er she wist;

Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw

Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw;

Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek;

Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheeks;

Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;

And O! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.

Neat, neat she was in bustline waste-coat clean,

As she came sciffing o'er the dewy green.

Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here;]

I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;

But I can guess ye're gawn to gather dew:

She scowr'd away, and said, What's that to you?

Then fare ye well, Meg-dorts, and e'ens ye like,

I careless cry'd; and lap in o'er the dyke.

Pat. I trow,

8 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back ;
 Misca'd me first,—then bad me hound my dog
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she ; then with great haste,
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste,
 About her yielding waste, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowand mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack ;
 But well I kend she meant nae as she spake.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

S A N

S A N G II.

Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.



*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight :
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse---then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.
 When maidens, innocently young,
 Say often what they never mean ;
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue ;
 But tent the language of their een :
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest ;
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

G

Rog.

Rog. Kind Patie, now, fair fa' your honest heart
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art
 To hearten ane; 'for now, as clean's a leek,
 Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll make you a propine,
 My mother (rest her faul) she made it fine,
 A tartan plaid, spun of good haslock woo,
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue,
 With spraings like goud and filler cros'd with black
 I never had it yet upon my back.

Well are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind
 Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind

Pat. Well hald ye there:--and since ye've frank
 made

A present to me of your braw new plaid,
 My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll take my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
 But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
 Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring;
 For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the heigh
 And see gif all our flocks be feeding right;
 Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
 Will make a breakfast that a laird might please,
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wi
 To season meat with health instead of spice.
 When we have ta'en the grace-drink at this well
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysell.

[*Excu*

A C

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. II

ACT I. SCENE II.

*A flow'ry howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claithes;
A trotting burnie whimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round.
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear,
While JENNY what she wishes discommends,
And MEG with better sense true love defends,*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. COME, Meg, lets fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleech our linen clean;
The water's clear, the list unclouded blue,
Will make them like a lilly wet with dew.

Peg. Go farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and makes a singand din;
A pool breast deep, beneath as clear as glafs,
Kisses with easy whirls the bord'ring grafs:
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool;
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash our sells.---'Tis healthful now in May,
And sweetly cauler on so warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Giff our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae? That jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

12 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height;
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee:
He faulds his owerlay down his breast with care,
And sew gangs trigger to the kirk or fair.
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peg. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide;
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grows cauld.
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
Like dauted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet.
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 13

S A N G III.

Polwart on the Green.



*The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.
The dauted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats though hunger crave;
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave:
They jest it till the dinner's past:
Thus, by itsell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

14 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Fy! Jenny, think and dinna sit your time.

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I :---but love in whispers lets us ken
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell;
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free:
The chieils may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your ways; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh las! how can ye loo that rattle-scurr
A very de'il that ay maun hae his will?
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, fae soon's ye're man and wife

S A N G

S A N G IV.

O dear mother what shall I do.



*O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married:
Running to a life destroys
Hartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

Peg.

Peg. I'll rin the risk; nor have I ony fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
 Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
 Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
 There we may kifs as long as kissing's good,
 And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
 He's get his will; Why no? 'tis good my part
 To give him that; and he'll give me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
 Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco fraise,
 And daut you baith afore fouk and your lane:
 But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
 Instead then of lang days of sweet delite,
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
 And may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er slick
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith
 My settled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love. (mo
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath:
 But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
 There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
 And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
 His words they thirle like music thro' my heart.
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave?

ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell-books that teach him meikle skill.
 He is——But what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs, compar'd with my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure:
 Ill nature hefts in fauls that's weak and poor.
Jen. Hey! bonny las of Brankfome, or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne whindging getts about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous din,
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae we'an fa's sick, ane scads it sell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tynes his shoe;
 The deel gaes o'er Jock Wabster, hame grows hell,
 When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

PEGGY

*P E G G Y.**S A N G V.**How can I be sad on my wedding day.*

*How shall I be sad when a husband I hae
 That has better sense than any of thae
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools
 To sink their ain joy, and mak their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife:
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

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Peg

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Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight,
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at,—their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?

Can there be toil in tenting day and night,
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a':
Gif o'er your heads ill chance shou'd beggary draw;
But little love, or canty chear can come,
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.

Your nowt may die;—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay.—

The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.

A dyvour buys your butter, woo and cheese,
But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees:

With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent;

'Tis no to gie; your merchants to the bent:

His honour manna want, he poinds your gear:

Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?

Dear Meg, be wife, and live a single live;

Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.

Let

Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd; let heav'n make out the rest
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray
 For the maist thrifty man cou'd never get
 A well stor'd room, unless his wife wad let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap and sufficient ware.
 A flock of lambs, cheefe, butter and some woo,
 Shall first be sold, to pay the laird his due;
 Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus without fear
 With love and rowth we thro' the warld will steer
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rise,
 He'll blefs the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the green,
 With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
 And her kend kisses hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that.—Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we.
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them with solidity of mind.
 They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
 Sae whenfoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.

Then

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Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his heart.
 At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll have a' things made ready to his will.
 In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
 A bleesing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane :
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pot's be ready to tak aff.
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford.
 Good humour and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
 And dosens down to nane, as fowk grows auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns, and their bairns, make sure a firmer tye,
 Than ought in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
 Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom and
 bride ;

Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest. }
 This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
 That in return defends it frae the wast.
 Sic as stand single,—(a state sae lik'd by you !)
 Beneath ilk storm, frae every airth, maun bow.

D

Jen.

22 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly win the field,
With the assistance of a little fae,
Lyes darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

S A N G VI.

Nansy's to the Green-wood gane.



*I yield, dear lassie, you have won;
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying.
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us.
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
That by the heart-strings leads us.*

Peg.

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Act . II .

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Peg. Alake! poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air;
Haste, let him out; we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good;—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we'er not yet begun
To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true,—nae las can be unkind.

Exeunt.

End of the first act.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*A snug thack-house, before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre;
A peet-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's:—there you may see him lean,
And to his divot-seat invite his frien'.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good-morrow, nibour Symon,--come sit down,
And gie's your cracks.--What's a' the news in
They tell me ye was in the ither day, (town?
And fald your Crummock and her bassen'd quey.

I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

S R M O N.

With a' my heart;—and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell you things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Gla. *Fy,blaw! ah! Symie,* ratling chiels ne'er stand
To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far and near;
But loose your poke, be't true or false, let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, *Glaud,* and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate, to save his head:
Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend with great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rump a right flee begunk,
Restor'd king CHARLES, and ilka thing's in tune:
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

SANG

S A N G VII.

Could kale in Aberdeen.



*Could be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station.
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king and nation.*

Gla. That makes me blyth indeed;--but dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a';
And saw ye Hab! And what did Halbert say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame,
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sy. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
And good Sir William shall enjoy his ain.

26 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Gla. And may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving, with a racket rent:
Nor grumbl'd, if ane grew rich; or shor'd to raise
Our mailens when we pat on sunday's claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

“ Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a seat.—

“ How's all at hame?--How's Elspa? how does Kate?

“ How sells black cattle?—what gie's woo this
year?—

And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

S A N G

S A N G VIII.

Mucking of Geordy's byar.



*The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive should be kindly and free,
Nor rack his poor tenants who labour
To rise aboon poverty;*

Else

*Else like the pack-horse that's unfather'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint :
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

Gla. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedcen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd ! Dear nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner hear with me the day ?
We'll send for Elspa too——and upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height ;
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown,
And gar our cottars a', man, wife and we'an,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :
For heer-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maur,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat ;
A firlof of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hings reesting in the nook :
I saw my fell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot that scads the whey put on,
A mutton-bouk to boil :——and ane we'll roast ;
And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost ;
Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
The gusty ingans with a curn of spice ;

Pat are the puddings,—heads and feet well sung.
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our masters health and welcome-hame.
Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
Bring wi' ye a' your family, and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Gla. Spoke like ye'rsell, auld-birky, never fear
But at your banquet I shall first appear.
Faith we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld, said I! troth I'm younger be a score,
With your good news, than what I was before.
I'll dance or e'en! Hey! Madge, come forth: d'ye
hear?

Enter MADGE.

Mad. The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon, welcome here.

What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste and din?
Ye never let a body sit to spin. (your tow,

Gla. Spin! snuff--Gae break your wheel, and burn
And set the meiklest peat-stack in a low.

Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see. (o't!

Mad. Blyth news indeed! And wha wa'st tald you

Gla. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's
Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands, (coat;
My white-skin hose, and mittons for my hands;
Then

Then frae their wauking cry the bairns in haste,
 And mak ye'rselfs as trig, head, feet and waist,
 As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
 For we're gaun o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge:—and Glaud, I'll o'er the
 And see that a be done as I wad hae't. (gate,

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE II.

*The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
 An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.—
 At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
 With falded arms, and haff-rais'd looks, ye see*

B A U L D Y his lane.

WHAT's this! I canna bear't! 'tis war than hell
 To be sae burnt with love, yet darna tell!
 O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than gowany glens, or new mawn hay;
 Blyther than lambs that frisk our o'er the knows,
 Straighter than ought that in the forest grows:
 Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
 The lilly in her breast its beauty tines.
 Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een
 Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
 For Pate loes her,—wae's me! and she loes Pate;
 And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,

Made

Made a dast vow :——O but ane be a beast
That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest !
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
Tis fair to thole ;——I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break with ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price
Can cast her cantraips, and give me advice.
She can o'ercastr the night, and cloud the moons,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
And howks unchristen'd we'ans out of their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
Rins withershint about the hemlock low ;
And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taid and snakes ;
Of this unfonsy pictures aft she makes
Of ony ane she hates ;——and gars expire
With slaw and racking pains afore a fire ;
Struck fu' of prins, the devilish pictures melt,
The pain, by fowk they represent, is felt ;
And yonder' Maufe : ay, ay, she kens fu' well,
When ane like me comes running to the deil.
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,
To speak my errand, faith amaisht I'm fear'd :
But I maun do't, though I should never thrive ;
They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive.

Exit.

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E III.

*A green kail-yard, a little fount,
Where water popland springs ;
There sits a wife with wrinkle-front,
And yet she spins and sings.*

M A U S E.

S A N G IX.

Carle, an' the king come.



*Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come ;
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.*

Baul

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*Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.*

Enter B A U L D Y.

Baul. **H**OW does auld honest lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore
ten.

Mau. E'en twining out a threed with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Baul. Enough of baith:—but something that re-
quires

Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

Mau. My helping hand, alake, what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Baul. Ay, but ye're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mau. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possess't,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell. (fell,

Mau. What fowk says of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

Baul. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a',
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw.

E

When

34 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
 When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
 When brawny elf-shot never, mair came hame;
 When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;
 When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked we'an
 To a fairy turn'd, and coud'na stand its lane;
 When Watie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
 And tint himsell amaisht among the snaw;
 When Mungo's mear stood still, and swat with fright,
 When he brought east the howdy under night;
 When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green,
 And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:
 You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a fell out,
 And ilka ane here dreads ye round about.
 And fae they may that mint to do ye skaith:
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;
 But when I neist make grots, I'll strive to please
 You with a firloft of them mixt with pease.

Mau. I thank ye, lad;—now tell me your demand,
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then, I like Peggy;—Neps is fond of me;
 Peggy likes Pate,—and Pate is bauld and flee,
 And loes sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see.—
 Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than
 Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

Mau. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
 Sae gang your ways, and come again at night:
 'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
 Worth all your pease and grots; tak ye nae care.

Baul.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 35

Baul. Well, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can find:
But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain and thunder may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night fae rough, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant at Symie's at a feast,
O! will ye come like Badrans, for a jest;
And there ye can our different haviours spy:
There's name shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mau. 'Tis like I may,—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Baul. If I ought of your secrets e're advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

Exit Bauldy.

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,
With a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatefu' name, A wrinkled witch.
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact with Auld Nick;
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me
here;

Nane kens but me,—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

Exit.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

*Behind a tree, upon the plain,
PATE and his PEGGY meet ;
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and chearfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. O Patie, let me gang, I mauna stay, (away.
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon ; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa with Jenny gane :
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.

Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How fast the westlin winds fough thro' the reeds.

Peg. The scented meadows,--birds,--and healthy
breeze,

For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind ;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind ;
Gif I could fancy ought's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier ;
Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear,
Thy

Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.
With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

Peg. But Patrick, for some wicked end, may fleech,
And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna slay,—ye joker, let me gang,
Anither lasfs may gar ye change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn fits smiling on her lap;
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to clim,—the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love; I swear by all aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith:—But mony lads will
And be mansworn to twa in haff a year. (swear,
Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year.
I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the Tansy-know, or Rashy-strand.

38 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Thou smiling by my side,—I took delite,
To pou the rashes green, with roots sae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flowry belt and snood.

Peg. When first thou gade with shepherds to the
And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill ; (hill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Pat. When cornsgrew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee. (stane,

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me ;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Cowden-knows*,
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the Ews* ;
'There's nane like Nanfie, *Jenny Nettles* sings ;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder*, Marion dings :
But when my Peggy sings, with sweeter skill,
The *Boat-man*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill* ;
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me :
'Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire?
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire :
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try ;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

The

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 39

*The foregoing, with a small variation, was sung
at the acting as follows.*

S A N G X.

The yellow hair'd ladie.



*When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the boughting forgather'd with thee.*

PATIE.

P A T I E.

*When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or brekens gave trouble to me;
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.*

P E G G Y.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

P A T I E.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden Broom knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing;
At Throw the Wood Ladie, Bess gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lafs of the Mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

P E G G Y.

*How easy can lasses trow what they desire;
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.*

*Pat. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At nought they'll ferly;—senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve;—*

Sic

Sic ne'
Either
But the
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Contin
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Peg.
I ken t
Pat.
Or five
And fy
That I
Peg
Pat

Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how,
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou, in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty far excels them a',
Continue kind; and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed;—but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry;
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kiss,
Or fivescore good anes wad not be amiss;
And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire.——

Pat. ————— Well, I agree.

SANG



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PATIE sings.

*By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love; and why should you deny?*

PEGGY sings.

*But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done?
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.*

PATIE sings.

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine; and sae may ye.
Red cheeked you completely ripe appear;
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff-year.*

PEGGY singing, falls into Patie's arms.

*Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'.
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace;
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.*

PATIE with his left hand about her waste.

*O charming armfu', hence ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day;
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;*

O lash

*O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day :
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

End of the second act.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd with
time ;*

*An elvand fills his hand, his habit mean ;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whisht ! it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Thro' his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.*

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes,
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost,—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins veiw.

Yonder



Act. III.

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Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands,
Without a roof; the gates fall'n from their bands;
The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft:
My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
Where, round the figur'd green, and pebble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks:
But, over-grown with nettles, docks and brier,
No Jaccacincths or Eglintines appear.
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
Where Peach and Nect'rine branches found a beild,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!
All round in gaps, the most in rubbish ly,
And from what stands the withered branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy,
Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heav'n too soon call'd hame his mother fair:
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what changing times brought
forth.

Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,

F

After

46 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free ;
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime !

Or sung as follows.

SANG XII. *Happy Clown.*



*Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn ;
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his bleeting flocks.*

Healthful

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 47

*Healthful and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisy,
Where truth and love with joys agree
Unfollied with a crime :
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In proping of their pride and state ;
He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.*

Now tow'nds good Symon's house I'll bend my
way,

And see what makes yon gamboling to-day ;
All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

Exit.

F 2

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E II.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 And vissy't round and round ;
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean : a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor ;
 The green-horn spoons, beech-luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 With the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD and ELSPA.

Gla. WE anes were young ourselfs—I like to see
 The bairnsbob round with other merrilie.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade.
 Amang our lads, he bears the gree awa',
 And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elf. Poor man ! he's a great comfort to us baith :
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care.
 That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Gla. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane,
 He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane,
 And troth, my niece is a right dainty we'an,

As

As ye well ken : a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha ! Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a
match ;

My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch ;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools my sell.

Gla. What reason can ye have? there's nane, I'm
sure,

Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor :
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
Fourscore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride ;
By and attour, gif my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elf. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud ; but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this day eight days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Gla. Well, nae mair o't,—come, gi'es the other
bend ;

We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

Their healths gae round.

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glaud, by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid

50 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay?

Gla. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankar'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:

He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gie's our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say:
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to day.

Exit. Jenny.

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mear.

Gla. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt;
For greater liars never ran there out.

*Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William; with
them Patie.*

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle; here take a seat.

S.Will. I give ye thanks, goodman; I fe no be blate.

Glaud drinks.

Come t'ye, friend:—How far came ye the day?

S.Will. I pledge ye, nibour;—e'en but little way:
Rousted with eild, a wee piece gate seems lang;
'Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 51

Sym. Ye're welcome hereto stay all night with me,
And take sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

S. Will. That's kind unsought.-- Well, gin ye have
a bairn

That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill,
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon pointing to Patie.

Only that lad ;—alake! I have nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now, or wae.

S. Will. Young man, let's see your hand ;—what
gars ye sneer ?

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

S. Will. Ye cut before the point.--But, billy, bide,
I'll wadger there's a mouse mark on your side.

Elf. Betooch-us-to!—and well I wat that's true :
Awa, awa! the deil's o'er girt wi' you.

Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

S. Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elf. A laird!—Hear ye, goodman! what think ye
now ?

Sym. I dinna ken : strange auld man! what art
thou ?

Fair fa' your heart ; 'tis good to bode of wealth :
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

Patie's

Patie's health gaes round.

Pat. A laird of twa good whistles, and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants, on the bent,
Is all my great estate—and like to be :
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land. (hand,

*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then
counterfeits falling into a trance, while they
endeavour to lay him right.*

Elf. Preserve's ! the man's a warlock, or posselt
With some nae good,—or second sight, at least :
Where is he now ?——

Gla. ————— He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elf. These second sighted fowk, his peace be here !
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb—wow, can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see Sir William ? Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better ;—Elspa, haste ye,
And fill him up a tafs of Usquebae. (gae,

Sir WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.
*A knight that for a LYON fought,
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares.*

But

*But now again the LYON rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain :
The LYON has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.
That knight, in a few days, shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his king,
A subject true and bald.
He Mr. PATRICK shall be call'd :
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald ;
For it shall happen true.*

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel ;

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deil,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep :
Or do ye get them tald you in your sleep ?

S.Will. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard ;
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward ;
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men !
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The whimpld meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noife o'er moor and dale.

Gla. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And takes't for gospel what the spae-man gives

Of

Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

S. Will. Whisht, doubtfu' carle ; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Gla. Well, be't sae, friend, I shall say naithing mair;
But I've twa sonfy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men : I wish you cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

S. Will. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent :
I have but anes a day that gift ;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat
And, of your best, gar this auld stranger eat.

S. Will. Delay a while your hospitable care ;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please, I'll answer your desire :—
And, Glaud, you'll take your pipe beside the fire ;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Gla. I'll out a while, and see the young anes play.
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

Exeunt.

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E III.

*JENNY pretends an errand hame,
Young ROGER draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And thow his lassie's breast.*

*Behind a bush, well hid frae sight, they meet :
See Jenny's laughing ; Roger's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd !*

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. **D**EAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let ;
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jen. And what would Roger say, if he could speak ?
Am I oblig'd to gues's what ye're to seek ?

Rog. Yes, ye may gues's right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing cen.

And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn ;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.
Ah ! cou'd I loo you less, I'd happy be :
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may ?
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Rog. Alake ! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may ly.

Jen

Jen. I loe my father, cousin Meg I love ;
But to this day, nae man my mind could move :
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me ;
And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again ;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain ?
I'm glad however, that ye yet stand free,
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me ?

Jen. Ye have my pity else, to see ye set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.
Wow ? but we're bonny, good, and every thing ;
How sweet we breathe, when e'er we kifs, or sing !
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffine and tint power repent :
When prison'd in four waws, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mear :
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou should scorn,—still to delight in thee.

Jen. What suggar'd words frae woers lips can sa'
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear :

The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day unclouded sink in calmest night.
I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain.

The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoice thro' life, and all your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love main-
tain,

The fewest words my easy heart could gain;
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!--
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fir'd
With wond'ring love! let's kifs till we be tir'd.
Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the fun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

G S A N G

58 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

Which may be sung as follows.
S A N G XIII. *Leith wynd.*



J E N N Y.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain;
 The easy maid beset with love
 Few words will quickly gain :*

For

*For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

R O G E R.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then sae kind?
O let me brifs thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delightfu' thought: we'll never part.
Come, press thy mouth to mine.*

Jen. With equal joy my easy heart gi'es way,
To own thy well-try'd love has won the day.
Now by these warmest kisses thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

S A N G XIV.

O'er Bogie.

J E N N Y.

Well I agree, ye're sure of me;
 Next to my father gae.
 Mak him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay:
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 When bairns want milk and meal.
 Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain.
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.

Then

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 61

*Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree :
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.*

Ro. My faulds contain twice fifteen sorrow nowt,
As many newcal in my byers rowt ;
Five pack of woo I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the sell ;
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that makes a hartsome house and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all ; which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear, to thee :
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.
My love and all is yours ; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best—but see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg ;—besides, I mauna stay :
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn ;
If we be seen, we'll drie a deal of scorn. (pool,

Rog. To where the faugh-tree shades the mennin-
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool :
Keep triste, and meet me there ;—there let us meet,
To kifs, and tell our love ;—there's nought sae sweet.

A C T III. S C E N E IV.

*This scene presents the KNIGHT and SYM
 Within a gallery of the place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim;
 Nor has the baron shown his face,
 But joking with his shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir WILLIAM.

TO whom belongs this house so much decay'd?
Sym. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
 To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.
 Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Whilk fills us a with joy, now *He's come hame.*

*(Sir William draps his masking beard,
 Symon transported sees
 The welcome knight, with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.)*

My master ! my dear master !—do I breathe,
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith;
 Return'd to chear his wishing tenant's sight,
 To bless his Son, my charge, the world's delight !
S. Will. Rise, faithful Symon ; in my arms enjoy
 A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy :

I came

I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise ;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock ;—neist, my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty : since, without estate, (blate.
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and

S.Will. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends---which gie's their fauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true ;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few :
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners, as of sense and grace ;
Oppressing all as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin :
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain fam'ly, as to give him trust.

S.Will. Such usefless branches of a common-wealth,
Should be lopt off, to give a state mair health.
Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son ;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse :
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Sym.

Sym. To speak his praise, the langest simmer day
 Wad be o'er short,—cou'd I them right display.
 In word and deed he can fae well behave,
 That out of sight he runs before the lave;
 And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
 Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best;
 And his decreet stands good;—he'll gar it stand:
 Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand;
 With a firm look, and a commanding way,
 He gars the proudest of our herds obey. (proceed:

S. Will. Your tale much pleases;—my good friend,
 What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna spare
 To gi'e him at the school enough of lair;
 And he delites in books:—he reads, and speaks
 With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

S. Will. Where gets he books to read?—and of
 what kind?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh
 port,

He buys some books of history, sangs or sport:
 Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
 And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespear, and a famous Ben,
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
 How sweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling sing,
 And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.

I some-

I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase,
About fine poems, histories and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

S. Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear. (ear,
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a Lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
Except on rainy sundays, on a book;
When we a leaf or twa haff read haff spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round, as well's our sell?

S. Will. Well jested, Symon:—But one question
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er. (more
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves;
Has nae young lassie with inviting mien,
And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but ken'd the smallest part,
Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet,
With Glaud's fair neice, than I thought right or
meet:

I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like yourself your son will soon appear.
A gentleman, enrich'd with all these charms,
May bless the fairest best born lady's arms.

S. Will. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.

Go,

Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me ;
 None but yourself shall our first meeting see,
 Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
 They come just at the time I gave command ;
 Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress :
 Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. With how much joy I on this errand flee!
 There's nane can know, that is not downright me.

Exit Symon.

Sir WILLIAM solus.

When the event of hope successfully appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning dream ;
 When wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known without my late distress.

But from his rustick business and love,
 I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve. }

Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine.

Only in little breakings shew its light,
 Till artfu' polishing has made it shine ;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

End of the third act.

A C T

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset.—Enter Maufe and Madge.*

Mau. OUR laird's come hame! and owns young
Pate his heir.

That's news indeed! ———

Mad. ——— As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his poutch he whirled forth a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad nathing ha'e.

Mau. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Mad. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk slee tod-lawrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In simmer days slides backward in a pool:

In

In short he did, for Pate, braw things fortell,
 Without the help of conjuring or spell.
 At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
 Pow'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
 His welcome master ;—round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.
 Patrick was sent for ;—happy lad is he !
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon ;
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no fae meikle as to Pate himsell.
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

Mau. It may be fae ; wha kens ? and may be no.
 To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain ;
 Even kings have tane a queen out of the plain :
 And what has been before, may be again. }

Mad. Sic nonsense ! love tak root, but tocher-
 good,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood ;
 Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be ;
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mau. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain ;
 Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain !
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain. }

Mad. He get her ! flaverin doof ; it sets him weil
 To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil ;

Gif

Gif I were Meg, I'd let young Master see——

Mau. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he:
And so wad I. But whisht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter B A U L D Y singing.

*JENNY said to JOCKY, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.*

I trow sae.—Lasses will come too at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Mau. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

Baul. —————Faith unco right:
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Mad. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

Baul. To find out that, is nae difficult task;
Poor bonny PEGGY, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be,
While Meg's in dumbs, put in a word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove;
Lefs wilful, and ay constant in my love.

Mad. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn:
Fy! Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;
What other lass will trow a mansworn herd?
The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.

H

I'll

70 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate ;
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' well I wate.

Baul. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest:
Ye leed, auld Roudes—and, in faith, had best
Eat in your words ; else I shall gar ye stand
With a het face afore the haly band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabit brock;
Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o'ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn :—I winna let it gae.

Mad. Ye're witness to, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!——

Flees to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—

Maufe endeavours to redd them.

Mau. Let gang your grips, fy, Madge! howt,
Bauldy leen ;

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen ;

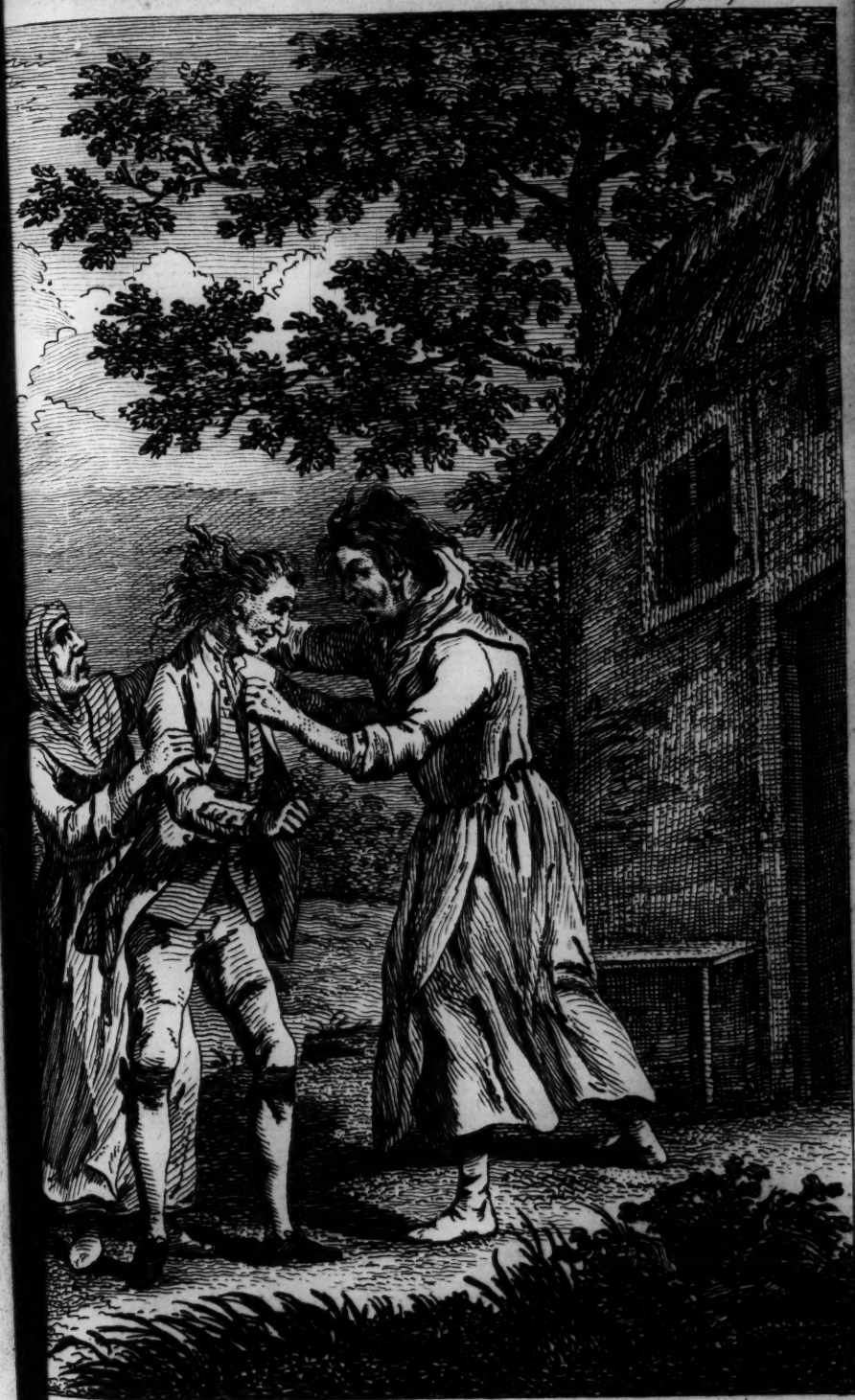
'Tis sae daft like.———

*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a
bleeding nose.*

Mad. ———'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap, like him, to blaw the coal :
It sets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young ;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died their bairns bairns have seen.

Mau.





Act. IV.

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Mau. That's true; and Bauldy ye was far to
blame,

To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name. }

Baul. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the
fame. }

Mad. Auld Roudes! filthyfallow; I shall auld ye.

Mau. Howt no!—ye'll e'en be friends with honest Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgie 'm. I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, Maufe, I have at Madge nae
But she abusing first, was a' the wite (spite;
Of what has happen'd: and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat,
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform, as well as swear.
Vow, and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him de'il; he's o'er lang out of hell.

BAULDY running off.

His presence be about us! curst were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

Exit. Bauldy.

MADGE laughing.

I think I've towz'd his harigalds a wee;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.

He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mau. Ye towin'd him tightly,—I commend ye
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport: (for't;
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand,
'To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Mad. A witch!—how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mau. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like
Obliges fowk resentment to decline; (mine,
Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lake of pith supplie.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark;
I'm sure he'll keep his triste; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. And special sport we'll have, as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist,
A linen sheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mau. Then let us go; for see, 'tis hard on night,
The westlin clouds shines red with setting light.

Exeunt.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE II.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp with falling
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd, (dew,
The Gentle Shepherd tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and take farewell.*

Rog. **W**OW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart
lowps light,

O, Mr. Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle fowk are farther seen than we,
That naithing ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair scorn.
I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
She smil'd—I kifs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
With looks all kindness, words that love confess;
He all the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth;

74 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his graceful cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail :
 That speechless lang, my late kend Sire I view'd.
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I myself with rising raptures found
 The happy son of ane sae much renown'd. }
 But he has hear'd !—too faithful Symon's fear,
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear :
 Which he forbids.—Ah! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :
 But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.

Pat. Duty, and hasten reason plead his cause :
 But what cares love for reason, rules and laws ?
 Still in my heart my shepherdess excells,
 And part of my new happiness repells..

Or

Th
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 Your

Or sung as follows.

SANG XV. *Kirk wad let me be.*



Duty and part of reason

*Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love so superior calls treason;*

The strongest must be obey'd :

For now, tho' I'm one of the gentry,

My constancy falshood repells,

For change in my heart has no entry,

Still there my dear Peggy excells.

*Rog. Enjoy them baith.--Sir William will be won;
Your Peggy's bonny;—you're his only son.*

Pat.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love;
And frae these bands nae change my mind shalt
move.

I'll wed nane else; thro' life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parents due.

Rog. Is not our master and yourself to stay
Amang us here?—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we ad-
vance,

To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to
dance,

And twa three other monkey-tricks.—That done,
I come hame struting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sonner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. *They wha have just enough, can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.—*

Good Mr. Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's
the same

The poor and rich but differ in the name.

Content's

Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the list. — Without it kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like your's yields braw content,
When we but pick it scanty on the bent :
Fine claiths, soft beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine ;
Obeysant servants, honour, wealth and ease :
Wha's no content with these, are ill to please.

Rog. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss ;
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss.
The passions rule the roast ; — and, if they're sower,
Like the lean ky, will soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowk o'erlaid with ease ;
While o'er the moor the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and hale some air.

Rog. LORD, man ! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear.

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill ;
These best can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy :
Faith I'll ha'e books, tho' I should sell my ky.

But

But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies;--his will maun be obey'd;
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride: }
But I some time this last design maun hide. }
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
I sent for Peggy, yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me with the secret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deils defy.

Exit Roger.

P A T I E solus.

With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken she loves, and her fast saul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment.—Heav'n support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.
Her eyes are red! —————

Enter P E G G Y.

—————My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as you wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare not think fae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withoutten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?

Like

Like to be carry'd, by some Rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land !

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains,
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own :
But love's superior to a parents frown.
I falsehood hate ; come, kiss thy cares away ;
I ken to love, as well as to obey.

Sir William's generous ; leave the task to me,
To make strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on!--speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That with nice air swims round in silk attire ;
Then I, poor me !—with sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome
Pate ;

Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest :
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang :
Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the meadow play !
And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay ;
As aftimes I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose, that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.
But hear my vow——'twill help to give me ease ;
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,

And

80 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife.

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XVI.

Woes my heart that we should sunder.



*Speak on, — speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder :*

A gen-

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 31

*A gentler face and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake, poor me! will now conspire,
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.
No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
Ah! I can die but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.
Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the know with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou should prove a wandring lover,
Throw life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.*

Pat. Sure heav'n approves—and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee;
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation of our faithful love.

I

If

82 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

If at my foot were crowns and scepters laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid;
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
To sic as have the patience to be kings.

Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.
With patience, then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
And all the while I'll study gentler charms,
To make me fitter for my traveller's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud;—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school;
Where I may manners learn————

Or



Wh

I

My

I

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XVII.

Tweed-side.



*When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will sav't for thy sake.*

I 2

Where'er

84 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

*Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him e'er in sight.
 With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms ;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life ;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.
 For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans in May ;
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love ;
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.*

*Pat. ————— That's wisely said,
 And what he wares that way shall be well paid,
 Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart :
 Yet now, lest in our station, we offend,
 We must learn modes, to innocence unkend ;
 Affect a times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity, to keep up state ;*

Laugh,

Laugh, when we're sad; speak, when we've nought to
say;

And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae:
Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd;
Then scandalize them, when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still;—but I'll be ought with thee.

Pat. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
With gentry's apes; for still amangst the best,
Good manners give integrity a bleez,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since with nae hazard, and sae small expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea,
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risque to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt, but travelling does im-
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love. (prove,
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast,
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. With ev'ry setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play;
And to the Hissal-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am your's:

86 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XVIII.

Bush aboon Traquair.



*At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the Birken-bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me.*

*To all our haunts I will repair,
To Greenwood-shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.*

*There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows your mine ; by love is your's
A heart which cannot wander.*

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair ;
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm. (please,

Peg. Were't in my power with better boons to
I'd give the best I could with the same ease ;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had faln to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not ; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime ;
Love's safter meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest.

Exeunt.

End of the fourth act.

A C T

A C T · V.
S C E N E I.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possesst,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.
Bare-leg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.*

Sym. **W**HAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its
pow'r ?

Far to the north, the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake and glowr, and look sae wan ?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Baul. O len me soon some water, milk or ale,
My head's grown giddy,—legs with shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake ! I'll never be my sell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it ! Symon ! O Symon ! O !

Symon gives him a drink.

Sym. Whatails thee, gowk!--to make sae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed;
He comes I fear ill-pleas'd : I hear his tred.

Enter

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

S. Will. How goes the night? does day-light yet
Symon, you're very timeously afeer. (appear?)

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest;
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest;
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist. }

Baul. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true;
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir WILLIAM smiling.

I lang to hear't—

Baul.———Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, instead of doing me good
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaist or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk,
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was laboured as I wont to be at school.
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp;
I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,
Till,

Till, with an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite :
 Syne I, haff dead with anger, fear and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help, to gi'e the deil his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be burnt. (be;

S. Will. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted
 Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your honour ; soon shall I obey:
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantraips that bring up the deil.

Exit Bauldy.

S. Will. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than
 hurt,

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good
 sport.

What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
 That is thro' want of education blind !

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae sic
 thing

As witches raising deils up through a ring ?
 Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,
 Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

S. Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
 Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
 O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp ;

Appearing

Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aftimes like Bawty, Badrans, or a Sow :
Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain :
Then aft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
Bytumbling down their cup-board, chairs and stools:
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich.
But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life ;
That gars me think this hoble shew that's past,
Will land in naithing but a joke at last.

S. Will. I'm sure it will :--but see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night ;
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG

S A N G X I X .

Bonny grey-ey'd morn.



*The bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray :
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day,*

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The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 93

Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow :

*The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.*

*Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind.
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*
Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE II.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blew snood Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek,
A pipe his mouth; the lasses please his een,
And now and than his joke maun interveen.*

Gla. **I** Wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night;
Ye do not use sae soon to see the light.
Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang.

K

But

94 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

But do ye think, that now, when he's a laird,
That he poor landward lasses will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor.
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kifs'd my coufin there frae lug to lug.

Gla. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But, be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he as a shepherd, fought a wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake!--what's that?--Sure if it means ought
He'll never be't; else I have tint my skill. (ill,

Gla. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good and gentle's unco' rare.
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame,
To do what like of us thinks sin to name:
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never slap
To brag how aften they have had the clap.
They'll tempt young things, like you, with youdith
flush'd,

Syne make ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
Be warry then, I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Gla.

Gla. That's true; and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sawn: they're sae puft up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heaven.—I've heard mysell,
Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Gla. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch and drink;
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things;
But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Mad. Hastie, hastie ye; we're a' sent for o'er the
gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft
spell,

At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himsell.

Gla. Lend me my staff;—Madge, lock the outer-
door,
And bring the lasses wi'ye; I'll step before.

Exit Gland.

96 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Mad. Poor Meg! look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen,
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een?
'This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,
To strute a gentle spark at Edinburgh cros;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new won hay;
To leave the Green-swaired dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle amang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the shepherd stay,
And tak what God will send, in hodden-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your
scorn?

That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
Now since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine;
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny story, trowth!—but we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE III.

*Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Maufe,
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause :
For now 'tis tell'd him that the taz
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Because he brak good breeding's laws,
And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

S. Will. **A**ND was that all? well, Bauldy, ye was
serv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Max. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weil;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il:
Yet, with your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengefu' ——
And that my some-place finds;—but I had best
Had in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaist,

98 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

And the young bonny witch, whase rosie cheek,
Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir WILLIAM looking at PEGGY.

Whose daughter's she that wears the Aurora
gown,
With face sae fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this! I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace,
Is this your daughter, Glaud? —————

Gla. ————— Sir, she's my niece,—
And yet she's not:—But I should hald my peace.

S. Will. This is a contradiction. What d'ye
mean?

She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Gla. Because I doubt, if I should make appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year. }

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear. }

S. Will. Speak soon; I'm all impatience——

Pat. ————— So am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Gla. Then, since my Master orders, I obey.—

This bonny fundling, ae clear morn of May,
Close

Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.

What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha, warfe than brutes, could leave expos'd to air

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young? for she appeared to me

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd

With sic a look wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story: She has past sincefyne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the we'an,

For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.

Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,

And am right sure she's come of gentle blood:

Of whom I kenna.—Nothing ken I mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

S. Will. This tale seems strange! —

Pat. ——— The tale delights mine ear;

S. Will. Command your joys, young man, till
truth appear.

Mau. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid all be hush;
Peggy may smile;—thou hast no cause to blush.

Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth give way;

That I may now Sir William Worthy name,

The best and nearest friend that she can claim:

He

He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

S. Will. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what
you say;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie, when she's soe near her grave?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
Every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

S. Will. Make haste, good woman, and resolve
each doubt.

Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mau. Sir, view me well: has fifteen years so
plow'd

A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs't her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand. }

S. Will. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes
before?

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind.

Sir



Act: V.

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Rem

Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
But no more words, till Maufe relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse, go on, nae music's haff sae fine,
Or can give pleasure like these words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that sav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threatned by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd, with avaritious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess:
All this to me a confident confest.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight-hour, the floor I fastly prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away;
With whom I travell'd some few miles e'er day;
All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needful plenty glads your chearful swains;
Afraid of being found out, I to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
Remember well, how I that very day

Frae

102 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud, with tears of joy happing down his beard.

'I well remember't : Lord reward your love ;
Lang have I wish'd for this ; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Pat. 'Tis now a crime to doubt ;—my joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
She's mine by vows ; and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

S. Will. My niece ! my daughter ! welcome to my
care,

Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick : now my greatest aim,
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.

Pat. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir WILLIAM raises them.

I give you both my blessing : May your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My

Peg. My wishes are complete,—my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy with the blest surprise.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had ?
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our Master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e :
Th' estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me. }

Gla. I hope your honour now will take amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

S. Will. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance with my Pate :
For his sake only, I'll ay thankful bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Sall I unsadle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare ?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow ;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you ;
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot.

S. Will.

S. Will. Kindly old man, remain with you this day,
I never from these fields again will stray :
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And buffy gard'ners shall new planting rear ;
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Gla. God save the king, and save Sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

Baul. I'm friends with Maufe,—with very Madge

I'm gree'd,

Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid :
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live.*

Mad. Lang may he live :—and, Bauldy, learn to
steek

Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak ;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn !

Peg. No other name I'll ever for you learn.—
And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

Mau.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 105

Mau. The flowing pleasures of this happy day,
Does fully all I can require repay.

S. Will. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud,
to you,
And to your heirs I give in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Maufe, in my house in calmness close your days,
With nought to do, but sing your Maker's praise.
Omnes. The LORD of heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

PATIE, presenting Roger to Sir William.

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird;
Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, thinkna shame)
Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at last he spake, and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

S. Will. My son's demand is fair,—Glaud, let me
crave,
That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

L

Gla.

Gla. You crowd your bounties, Sir, what can
we say,

But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?
Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey,
Roger, my daughter, with my blessing, take,
And still our Master's right your business make.
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod with quietness down among the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good a speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a fraise:
But for my Master, father and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

S.Will. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous; soon or late you'll find
Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.

• The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
• And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd:
• Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
• Some happy turn, with joy, dispells our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should obey:
I'll sing you aye, the newest that I ha'e.

S A N G

S A N G XX.

Corn-riggs are bonny.



*My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy:*

L 2

His

108 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

*His shape is handsome, middle size ;
 He's comely in his wauking :
 The shining of his een surprise ;
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.*

*Last night I met him on a bawlk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.*

*He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony,
 That gars me like to sing since syne,
 O corn-rigs are bonny.*

*Let lasses of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting ;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastly should be granting.*

*Then I'll comply, and marry P A T E,
 And syne my cockernonny
 He's free to touzel air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.*

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

A
GLOSSARY,
O R

EXPLANATION of the *Scots* words us'd
by the Author, which are rarely or never
found in the modern *English* language.

*Some general Rules, shewing wherein many South-
ern and Northern Words are originally the same,
having only a letter changed for another, or
sometimes one taken away or added.*

- I. *In many words ending with an l after an a or u,
the l is rarely sounded.*

<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>
A Ba,	A ^{LL.} Ball.
Ca,	Call.
Fa,	Fall.
Ga,	Gall.
Ha,	Hall.
Sma,	Small.
Sta,	Stall.
Wa,	Wall.
Fou, or Fu,	Full.
Pou, or Pu,	Pull.
Woo, or U,	Wool.

II. The *l* changes to *a*, *w*, or *u*. after *o* or *a*, and is frequently sunk before another Consonant; as,

Scots.
B Awm,
 Bauk,
 Bouk,
 Bow,
 Bowt,
 Caff,
 Cow,
 Faut,
 Faufe,
 Fowk,
 Fawn,
 Gowd,
 Haff,
 How,
 Howms,
 Maut,
 Pow,
 Row,
 Scawd,
 Stown,
 Wawk,

English.
B Alm.
 Baulk.
 Bulk.
 Boll.
 Bolt.
 Calf.
 Coll or Clip.
 Fault.
 Falfe.
 Folk.
 Fallen.
 Gold.
 Half.
 Hole or Hollow.
 Holms.
 Malt.
 Poll.
 Roll.
 Scald.
 Stohn.
 Walk.

III. An *o* before *ld*, changes to an *a* or *au*; as,

Scots.
A Uld,
 Bauld,
 Cauld,
 Fauld,
 Hald, or Had.
 Sald,
 Tald,
 Wad,

English.
O Ld.
 Bold.
 Gold.
 Fold.
 Hold.
 Sold.
 Told.
 Would.

IV.

IV. 2
ai;

A
 Aff
 Aft
 Aik
 Ait
 Air
 Ala
 Am
 An
 Air
 Air
 Ap
 Av
 Bai
 Bai
 Bai
 Bla
 Bra
 Cla
 Cra
 Dr
 Fa
 Fra
 Ga
 Ga
 Gr
 Ha
 Ha
 Ha
 Ha
 Ha
 La
 La
 La

IV. The o, oe, or ow is changed to a, æ, aw, or ai; as,

Scots.
AE, or ane,
Aeten,

Aff,
Aften,
Aik,
Aith,
Ain, or awn,
Alane,
Amaist,
Amang,
Airs,
Aits,
Apen,
Awner,
Bain,
Bair,
Baith,
Blaw,
Braid,
Claith,
Craw,
Drap,
Fae,
Frae,
Gae,
Gaits,
Grane,
Haly,
Hale,
Halesome,
Hame,
Hait, or het,
Laith,
Laid,
Lain, or Len,

English.
ONe.
Oaten.

Off.
Often.
Oak.
Oath.
Own.
Alone.
Almost.
Among.
Oars.
Oats.
Open.
Owner.
Bone.
Boar.
Both.
Blow.
Broad.
Cloath.
Crow.
Drop.
Foe.
Fro, or from.
Go.
Goats.
Groan.
Holy.
Whole.
Wholesome.
Home.
Hot.
Loath.
Load.
Loan.

<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Lang,	Long.
Law,	Low.
Mae,	Moe.
Maiſt,	Moſt.
Mair,	More.
Mane,	Moan.
Maw,	Mow.
Na,	No.
Nane,	None.
Naithing,	Nothing.
Pape,	Pope.
Rae,	Roe.
Rair,	Roar.
Raip,	Rope.
Raw,	Row.
Saſt,	Soft.
Saip,	Soap.
Sair,	Sore.
Sang,	Song.
Slaw,	Slow.
Snaw,	Snow.
Strake,	Stroak.
Staw,	Stole.
Stane,	Stone.
Saul,	Soul.
Tae,	Toe.
Taiken,	Token.
Tangs,	Tongs.
Tap,	Top.
Thrang,	Throng.
Wae,	Woe.
Wame,	Womb.
Wan,	Won.
War,	Worſe.
Wark,	Work.
World,	World.
Wha,	Who.

A

Bi

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Fi

Fi

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M

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A

Air,

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Amb

Ane

Arle

g

Aſe,

Ata

o

Att

Aul

V. The o or u is frequently changed into i; as,

Scots.

A Nither,
Bill,

Birn,
Brither,

Fit,
Fither,

Hinny,

Ither,

Mither,

Nits,

Nife,

Pit,

Rin,

Sin,

English.

A Nother.
Bull.

Burn.

Brother.

Foot.

Fother.

Honey.

Other.

Mother.

Nuts.

Nose.

Put.

Run.

Sun.

A B

A Blins, Perhaps.
Aboon, Above.
Aikerbraid, The

breadth of an acre

Air, Long since. It. early.

Air up, Soon up

in the morning.

Ambrie, Cup-board.

Anew, anew.

Arles, Earnest of a Bargain.

Ase, Ashes.

Atains, or Atanes, At once, at the same time.

Attour, Out-over.

Auld-farran, Ingenious.

Aurglebargin, or Eaglebargin, To contend and wrangle.

Aw some, Frightful, terrible.

Aynd, The Breath.

B A

B Ack-sey, A Surloin.

Badrans, A Cat.

Baid, Staid, abode.

Bairns, Children.

Balen, Whale bone.

Bang, Is sometimes an action of haste. We say, he or it came with a bang.—A Bang also means a great number.

of

- Of Customers she had a Bang.*
Bangster, A blustering roaring person.
Bannocks, A sort of bread thicker than cakes, and round.
Barken'd, When mire, Blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like Bark.
Barlikhood, A fit of drunken angry passion.
Barrow Trams, The slaves of a hand-barrow
Batts, Colick.
Bawbie, Halfpenny.
Bauch, Sorry, indifferent
Bawfy, Bawfand fac'd, is a cow or a horse with a white face.
Bedeen, Immediately; in haste.
Best, Beaten.
Begoud, Began.
Begrutten, All in tears.
Beik, To bask.
Beild, or *Beil*, A Shelter.
Bein, or *been*, Wealthy.
A been house, A warm well furnished one.
Beit, or *beet*, To help, repair.
Bells, Bubbles.
Beltan, The 3d of May, or *Rood-day*.
Bended, drunk hard.
- Benn*, The inner room of a house.
Bennison, Blessing.
Bensell, or *Benfail*, Force
Bent, The open Field.
Beuk, Baked.
Bicker, a wooden dish.
Bickering, Fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones.
Bigg, build. *Bigget*, built
Biggings, buildings.
Biggonet, A linen cap or coif.
Billy, brother.
Byre or *Byar*, A cow-stall
Birks, Birch-trees.
Birle, To drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchasing liquor, they call it *Birling a Bawbie*.
Birn, A burnt mark.
Birns, The stalks of burnt heath.
Birr, Force, flying swiftly with a noise.
Birs'd, Bruised.
Bittle or *Beetle*, A wooden melle for beating hemp, or a Fuller's club.
Black-a-vic'd, Of a black complexion.
Blae, Pale blew, the colour

low
 bru
 Blaf
 Blat
 Blat
 Blee
 wh
 Blee
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 Blee
 Bleth
 Bl
 Sta
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 Blin
 Ne
 Blin
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 Bogl
 Sp
 Bony
 Bony
 ga
 Esf,

lour of the skin when
bruised.

Blasum, Beguile.

Blate, Bashful.

Blatter, a rattling noise.

Bleech, To blanch or
whiten.

Bleer, To make the eye
water.

Bleez, Blaze.

Blether, Foolish discourse

Bletherer, A Babblers.
Stammering is called
blethering.

Blin, Cease. *Never blin*,
Never have done.

Blinkan, The flame ris-
ing and falling, as of a
lamp when the oil is
exhausted.

Boak or *boke*, Vomit.

Boal, A little press or
cupboard in the wall.

Bodin or *bodden*, Provid-
ed or furnished.

Bodle, One sixth of a
penny *English*.

Bodword, An ominous
message. *Bodwords* are
now used to express
ill-natured messages.

Boglebo, Hobgoblin or
Spectre.

Bony, Beautiful.

Bonywalys, Toys, Gu-
gaws.

Bess, Empty.

Bouk, Bulk.

Bourd, Jest or dalley.

Bouze, To drink.

Brachen, A kind of wa-
ter gruel of oat-meal,
butter and honey.

Brae, The side of a hill,
bank of a river.

Braird, The first sprout-
ing of corns.

Brander, A Gridiron.

Brands, Calves of the legs

Brankan, prancing. A
capering.

Branks, Wherewith the
Rusticks bridle their
horses.

Bratle, Noise, as of horse
feet.

Brats, Rags.

Braw, Brave. Fine in ap-
parel.

Brecken, Fearn.

Brent-brow, Smooth high
fore-head.

Brigs, Bridges.

Briß, To press.

Brock, A Badger.

Broe, Broth.

Browden, Fond.

Browster, Brewer.

Browst, A brewing.

Bruliment, A broil.

Bucky, The large sea-
snail. A term of re-
proach, when we ex-
press a cross-natur'd
fel-

fellow, by a *thrawn*
Bucky.
Buff, Nonsense. As, *He*
biether'd Buff.
Bught, The little fold
 where the Ews are in-
 closed at milking-time.
Buller, To bubble. The
 motion of water at a
 spring-head, or noise
 of a rising tide.
Bumbazed, Confused.
 Made to stare and look
 like an idiot.
Bung, Completely fud-
 led, as it were to the
 Bung.
Bunkers, A bench, or
 sort of long low chests
 that serve for seats.
Bumler, A Bungler.
Burn, A Brook.
Busk, To deck. Dress.
Bustine, Fustian (cloath)
But, Often, for *without*.
 As, *But Feed or Favour*.
Bykes, or *Bikes*, Nests or
 hives of Bees.
Bygane, Bypass.
By-word, A Proverb.

C A

C*Adge*, Carry. *Cadger*
 is a country carrier.
Caff, A Calf. Chaff.
Callan, Boy.

Camschough, Stern, grim,
 of a distorted counte-
 nance.
Cangle, To wrangle.
Canker'd, Angry, passion-
 ately snarling.
Canna, Cannot,
Cant, To tell merry old
 tales.
Cantraips, Incantations.
Canty, Chearful and mer-
 ry.
Capernoited, Whimsical,
 ill-natur'd.
Car, sledge.
Carna, Care not.
Carle, An old word for
 a man.
Carline, An old woman.
Gire-Carline, A giant's
 wife.
Cathel, An hot pot, made
 of ale, sugar and eggs.
Cauldrife, Spiritless.
 Wanting chearfulness
 in address.
Cauler, Cool or fresh.
Cawk, Chalk.
Chasts, Chops.
Chaping, An ale measure
 or stoup, somewhat less
 than an *English* quart.
A Char or *a-jar*, Aside.
 When any thing is beat
 a little out of its po-
 sition, or a door or
 window a little open'd,

we

we say, they're *a-char*
or *a-jar*.

Charlewain, Charles-
wain. The constella-
tion called the Plow,
or *Urfa major*.

Chancy, Fortunate, good-
natur'd.

Chat, A cant name for
the gallows.

Chiel, A general term like
Fellow, used sometimes
with respect; as, *He's*
a very good Chiel; and
contemptuously, *That*
Chiel.

Chirm, Chirp and sing
like a bird.

Chucky, A Hen.

Clan, Tribe, family.

Clank, A sharp blow or
stroke that makes a
noise.

Clashes, Chat.

Clatter, To chatter.

Clought, Took hold.

Claver, To speak non-
sense.

Claw, Scratch.

Cleek, To catch as with
a hook.

Cleugh, A den betwixt
rocks.

Clinty, hard, stony.

Clock, A Beetle.

Cloited, The fall of any
soft moist thing.

Closs, A court or square;
and frequently a lane
or alley.

Clour, The little lump
that rises on the head,
occasioned by a blow
or fall.

Clute or *Cloot*, Hoof, of
cows, or sheep.

Cockernony, The gather-
ing of a woman's hair,
when 'tis wrapt or
snooded up with a band
or *Snood*.

Cockstool, A Pillory.

Cod, A Pillow.

Coft, Bought.

Cog, A pretty large woo-
den dish the country
people put their pot-
tage in.

Cogle, When a thing
moves backwards and
forwards, inclining to
fall.

Coodies, A small wooden
vessel used by some for
chamber-pots.

Coof, A stupid fellow.

Coor, To cover.

Coofer, A ston'd horse.

Coost, Did cast. *Coosten*,
Thrown.

Corby, A raven.

Cosie, Shelter'd in a con-
venient place.

Cotter, A sub-tenant.

M

Cowp,

Cowp, To fall; also a fall.

Cowp, To change, barter.

Cowp, A company of people; as, merry, senseless, corky *Cowp*.

Cour, To crouch and creep.

Couth, Frank and kind.

Crack, To chat.

Creel, Basket.

Crish, Grease.

Croil, A crooked dwarf.

Croon or *crune*, To murmur or hum o'er a song.

The lowing of bulls.

Crouse, Bold.

Crove, A cotage.

Crummy, A cow's name.

Cryn, Shrink, or become less by drying.

Cudeigh, A bribe, present.

Gulzie, Intice or flatter.

Cun, To taste, learn, know.

Cunzie or *Coonie*, Coin.

Curn, A small parcel.

Cursche, A kerchief. A linen dress wore by our *Highland* women.

Cutled, Used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship.

Cutts, Lots. These *cutts* are usually made of straws unequally cut.

Cutty, Short.

D A

D *Ab*, A Proficient.

Dad, To beat one thing against another.

He fell with a Dad.

He dadded his head against the wall, &c.

Daft, Foolish, and sometimes wanton.

Daffin, Folly. *Wagrie*.

Dail or *Dale*, A valley. Plain.

Daintiths, Dainties, delicates.

Dainty, Is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman.

Dander, Wander to and fro, or saunter.

Dang, *Did ding*, Beat. Thrust. Drive. *Ding*

Dang, Moving hastily one on the back of another.

Darn, To hide.

Dash, To put out of countenance.

Dawty, A Fondling.

Darling. *To dawt*, To cocker, and caress with tenderness.

Deave, To stun the ears with noise.

Dees, Diary maids.

Deray, Merriment. Jollity. Solemnity. Tumult. Disorder. Noise.

Dern,

Dern, Secret. Hidden.
Lonely.

Deval, To descend, fall,
hurry.

Dewgs, Rags or shapings
of cloath.

Didle, To act or move
like a dwarf.

Dight, Deck'd. Made
ready; also, to clean.

Dirina, Do not.

Dirle, A smarting pain
quickly over.

Dit, To stop or close up
a hole.

Divet, Broad Turf.

Docken, A Dock, (the
herb.)

Doilt, Confused and silly

Doited, Dozed or crazy,
as in old age.

Doll, A large piece, *Dole*
or share.

Donk, Moist.

Donsie, Affectedly neat.
Clean, when applied
to any little person.

Doofart, A dull heavy-
headed fellow.

Dool or *Drule*, The goal
which gamesters strive
to gain first (as at
(foot-ball.)

Dool, Pain. Grief.

Dorts, A proud Pet.

Dorty, Proud. Not to
be spoke to. Conceit-

ed, appearing as diso-
bliged.

Dofend, Cold. Impotent.

Dought, Could. Avail'd.

Doughty, Strong, valiant
and able.

Douks, Dives under wa-
ter.

Douse, Solid. Grave.
Prudent.

Dow, To will, to incline,
to thrive.

Dow, Dove.

Dow'd, (Liquor) that's
dead, or has lost the
spirits; or wither'd
(Plant.)

Dowff, Mournful, want-
ing vivacity.

Dowie, Melancholy. Sad.
Doleful.

Downa, *Dow not*, i. e.
Tho' one has the pow-
er, he wants the heart
to it.

Dowp, The arse, the small
remains of a candle,
the bottom of an egg-
shell. *Better haff egg*
as toom dowp.

Drant, To speak slow,
after a fighting manner.

Dree, To suffer, endure.

Dreery, Wearisome,
frighful.

Dreigh, Slow, keeping
at distance. Hence an

ill

ill payer of his debts, we
call *dreigh*. Tedious.
Dribs, Drops.
Drizel, A little water in
a rivulet, scarce ap-
pearing to run.
Droning, Sitting lazily,
or moving heavily.
Speaking with groans.
Drouked, Drench'd, all
wet.
Dubs, Mire.
Dung, Defeat.
Dunt, Stroke or Blow.
Dunty, A Doxy.
Durk, A poinyard or
dagger.
Dynles, Trembles, shakes
Dyver, A Bankrupt,

E A

E *Ags*, Incites, stirs up.
Eard, Earth, the
ground.
Edge, Of a hill, is the side
or top.
Een, Eyes.
Eild, Age.
Eildeens, Of the same
age.
Eith, Easy. *Eithar*, easier
Elbuck, Elbow.
Elf-shot, Bewitch'd, shot
by Fairies.
Elson, A Shoe-maker's
awl.

Elritch, Wild, hideous,
uninhabited, except
by imaginary ghosts.
Endlang, Along.
Ergh, Scrupulous, when
one makes faint at-
tempts to do a thing
without a steady reso-
lution.
Erst, Time past.
Estler, Hewn stone.
Buildings of such we
call *Estler-work*.
Ether, An Adder.
Etle, To aim, design.
Even'd, Compared.
Eydent, Diligent, labo-
rious.

F A

F *A*, A Trap, such as
is used for catching
Rats or mice.
Fadge, A spongy sort of
bread in shape of a roll.
Fag, To tire, or turn
weary.
Fail, Thick Turf, such
as are used for build-
ing dikes for folds, in-
closures, &c.
Fain, expresses earnest de-
sire; as, *Fain would I*.
Also, Joyful, tickled
with pleasure.
Fait, Neat, in good order.
Fair-

Fairfaw, When we wish well to one, that a good or *fair* fate may befall him.

Fang, The talons of a fowl. *To fang*, To grip, or hold fast.

Fash, Vex or trouble.

Fashous, Troublesome.

Faugh, A colour between white and red. *Faugh*

Riggs, Fallow-ground.

Feck, A part, quantity; as, *Maist Feck*, The greatest number; *Nae Feck*, Very few.

Feckfow, Able, active.

Feckless, Feeble, little and weak.

Feed or *Fead*, Feud, hatred, quarrel.

Feil, Many, several.

Fen, Shift. *Fending*, living by industry. *Make a Fen*, Fall upon methods.

Ferlie, Wonder.

Fernzier, The last or fore-run year.

File, To defile or dirty.

Fireflaught, A flash of lightning.

Fistle, To stir, a Stir.

Fitsted, The print of the foot.

Fizzing, Whizzing.

Flaffing, Moving up and down, raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings.

Flags, Flashes, as of wind and fire.

Flane, An arrow.

Flang, Flung.

Flaughter, To pare turf from the ground.

Flaw, Lie or Fib.

Fleetch, To cox or flatter.

Fleg, Fright.

Flewet, A smart Blow.

Fley, or *flie*, To affright.

Fleyt, Afraid or terrified.

Flinders, Splinters.

Flit, To remove.

Flite or *flyte*, To scold, chide. *Flet*, Did scold.

Flushes, Floods.

Fog, Moss.

Foordays, The morning far advanc'd, fair daylight.

Forby, Besides.

Forebears, Forefathers, Ancestors.

Forfairn, Abused, bespatter'd.

Forfoughten, Weary, faint and out of breath with fighting.

Forgainst, Opposite to.

Forgether, To meet, encounter.

Forleet, To forsake or forget.

Foreſtam, The Forehead.

Fouth, Abundance, plenty

Fozy, Spungy, soft.

Frais, To make a noiſe.

We uſe to ſay one *makes a frais*, when they boaſt, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear.

Fray, Buſtle, Fighting.

Freik, A fool, light, impertinent fellow.

Fremit, Strange, not a kin.

Friſted, Truſted.

Fruſh, Brittle, like bread baked with butter.

Fuff, To blow. *Fuffin*, blowing.

Furder, Proſper.

Furthy, Forward.

Fuſh, Brought.

Fyk, To be reſtleſs, uneaſy.

Furlet, Four Pecks.

G A

G*Ab*, The mouth. To prat, *Gab ſae gaſh*.

Gabbing, Prating pertly.

To *gab again*, When ſervants give ſaucy re-

turns when reprimanded.

Gabby, One of a ready and eaſy expreſſion; the ſame with *auld gabbet*.

Gadge, To dictate impertinently, talk idly with a ſtupid gravity.

Gafaw, A hearty loud laughter. To *gawf*, Laugh.

Gait, A Goat.

Gams, Gums.

Gar, To cauſe, make or force.

Gare, Greedy, rapacious, earneſt to have a thing.

Gaſh, Solid, ſagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *Gaſh-gabbet*, or *Gaſh-beard*.

Gate, Way.

Gaunt, Yawn.

Gawky, Idle, ſtaring idiotical perſon.

Gawn, Going.

Gaws, Galls.

Gawſy, Jolly, buxome.

Gock, To mock.

Geed, or *Gade*, Went.

Genty, Handsome, genteel.

Get, Brat, a child, by way of contempt or deriſion

Gielanger, An ill debtor.

Gif, If.

Gilly.

Gillygacus or *Gillygapus*,
A staring gaping fool,
a gormandizer.

Gilpy, A roguish Boy.

Gimmer, A young sheep,
(Ew.)

Gin, If.

Gird, To strike, pierce.

Girn, To grin, snarl.
Also a snare or trap,
such as boys make of
horse hair to catch
birds.

Girth, A Hoop.

Glaiks, An idle good for
nothing fellow. *Glaik-*
ed, Foolish, wanton,
light. To give the
Glaiks, To beguile one
by giving him his la-
bour for his pains.

Glaister, To bawl or bark

Glamour, Juggling.

When devils, wizards
or jugglers deceive the
sight, they are said to
cast *Glamour* o'er the
eyes of the spectator.

Glar, Mire, ouzy Mud.

Glee, To squint.

Gleg, Sharp, quick, active.

Glen, A narrow valley be-
tween mountains.

Gloom, To scowl or frown

Glowming, The twilight
or evening-gloom.

Glowr, To stare, look
stern.

Glunsh, To hang the brow
and grumble.

Gcan, A wooden dish for
meat.

Goolie, A large knife.

Gorlings or *Gorblings*,
Young unfleg'd birds.

Gossie, Gossip.

Gowans, Dazies.

Gove, To look broad and
stedfast, holding up the
face.

Gowf, Besides the known
game, a racket or sound
blow on the chaps, we
call a *Gowff* on the hafter

Gowk, The Cuckow. In
derision we call a
thoughtless fellow, and
one who harps too long
on one subject, a *Gowk*.

Gowl, A howling, to bel-
low and cry.

Gousty, Ghastly, large,
waste, desolate, and
frightful.

Grany, Grandmother, a-
ny old woman.

Grape, A trident fork.
Also to grope.

Gree, Prize, Victory.

Green, To long for.

Greet, To weep. *Grat*,
Wept.

Grieve,

Grieve, An Overseer.
Groff, Gross, coarse.
Grotts, Mill'd Oats.
Grouf, To ly flat on the belly.
Grounche or *Glunsh*, To murmur, grudge.
Grutten, Wept.
Gryse, A Pig.
Gumption, Good sense.
Gurly, Rough, bitter, cold (weather.)
Gysned, When the wood of any vessel is shrunk with driness.
Gyttings, Young children

H A

H *Affet*, the cheek, side of the head.
Hagabag, Coarse napery.
Haggise, A kind of Pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big Bag.
Hags, Hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground.
Hain, To save, manage narrowly.
Halesome, Wholesome : As, *Hale*, Whole.
Hallen, A screen.
Hameld, Domestick.
Hamely, Friendly, frank open, kind.

H E

Hanty, Convenient, handsome.
Harle, Drag.
Harns, Brains. *Harnpan*, The scull.
Harship, Ruin.
Hash, A Sloven.
Haveren, or *Havrel*, Ib.
Haughs, Valleys, or low grounds on the sides of rivers.
Havins, Good breeding.
Haviour, Behaviour.
Haws, The throat, or fore-part of the neck.
Heal, or *Heel*, Health, or whole.
Heepy, A person hypochondriack.
Heeryestreen, The night before yesternight.
Heez, To lift up a heavy thing a little. A *Heezy* is a good lift.
Hestit, Accustom'd to live in a place.
Heght, Promised. Also, named.
Hempy, A tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows.
Hereit, Ruined in estate, broke, spoiled.
Hesp, A clasp or hook, bar or bolt. Also, in yarn, a certain number of threads.

Hether

Hether-bells, The heath-blossom.

Heugh, A rock or steep hill. Also, a coal-pit.

Hiddils, or *Hidlings*, Lurking, hiding-places.

To do a thing *in Hidlings*, i. e. privately.

Hirple, To move slowly and lamely.

Hirfle, To move as with a rustling noise.

Hirfle, or *Hirdsale*, A flock of cattle.

Ho, A single stocking.

Hobbleshew, A confused racker, noise.

Hool, Husk. *Hool'd*, Inclosed.

Hooly, Slow.

Host, or *Whost*. To cough

How, or *Hu*, A cap or roof-tree.

How, Low ground, a hollow.

How! *Ho!*

Howdered, Hidden.

Howdy, A Midwife.

Howk, To dig.

Howms, Plains on river-sides.

Howt! *Fy!*

Howtowdy, A young hen

Hurkle, To crouch or bow together like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare.

Hut, A Hovel.

Hyt, Mad.

J A

Jack, Jacket.

Jag, To prick as with a pin.

Jaw, A wave or gush of water.

Jawp, The dashing of water.

Iceshogles, Icicles.

Jee, To incline to one side. To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other side.

Jig, To crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel.

Jimp, Slender.

Jip, Gypsie.

Ilk, Each. *Ilka*, Every.

Ingan, Onion.

Ingle, Fire.

Jo, Sweet-heart.

Jouk, A low bow.

Irie, Fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also melancholy.

Ise, I shall; as *I'll*, for I will.

Isles, Embers.

Junt, A large joint or piece of meat.

Jute, Sour or dead liquor

Jybe, To mock. *Gibe*, Taunt.

K A

K *Aber*, A Rafter.
Kale, or *Kail*, Colewort, and sometimes Broth.
Kacky, To dung.
Kain, A part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.
Kame, Comb.
Kanny, or *Canny*, Fortunate; also warry, one who manages his affairs discreetly.
Kebuck, A Cheese.
Keckle, To laugh, to be noisy.
Kedgy, Jovial.
Keek, To peep.
Kelt, Cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.
Kemp, To strive who shall perform most of the same work, in the same time.
Ken, To know; used in *England* as a noun. A thing within ken, *i. e.* within view.
Kent, A long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches.
Kepp, To catch a thing that moves towards one.
Kiest, Did cast *Vid. Coost*.
Kilted, Tuck'd up.
Kimmer, A female gossip.

Kirn, A churn, to churn.
Kirtle, An upper petticoat.
Kitchen, All sort of eatables, except bread.
Kittle, Difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings.)
Kittle, To tickle, ticklish
Knacky, Witty and facetious.
Knoit, To beat or strike sharply.
Knoos'd, Buffeted and bruised.
Knoost, or *Knuiſt*, A large lump.
Know, A Hillock.
Knublock, A Knob.
Knuckles, Only used in *Scots* for the joints of the fingers next the back of the hand.
Kow, Goblin, or any person one stands in awe to disoblige, and fears.
Ky, Kine or Cows.
Kyth, To appear. *He'll kyth in his ain colours.*
Kyte, The Belly.

L A

L *Aggert*, Bespatter'd, covered with clay.
Laigh, Low.
Laits, Manners.
Lak or *Lack*, Undervalue, contemn; as, *He that laks*

laks my mare, would buy my mare.

Landart, The country, or belonging to it. Rustick.

Lane, Alone.

Langour, Languishing, melancholy. To hold one out of *Langour*, *i. e.* Divert him.

Lankale, Coleworts uncut.

Lap, Leaped.

Lapper'd, Crudled or clotted.

Lare, A Place for laying, or that has been lain in.

Lare, Bog.

Lave, The rest or remainder.

Lawin, A Tavern reckoning.

Lawland, Low Country.

Lavrock, The Lark.

Lawty or *Lawtith*, Justice, fidelity, honesty.

Leal, True, upright, honest, faithful to trust, loyal. *A leal heart never lied.*

Leam, Flame.

Lear, Learning, to learn.

Lee, Untill'd ground; also an open grassy plain.

Leglen, A milking-pale with one *Lug* or handle.

Leman, A kept Miss.

Lends, Buttocks, loins.

Leugh, Laughed.

Lew-warm, Lukewarm.

Libbit, Gelded.

Lick, To whip or beat. *It*. A Wag or Cheat, we call a great *Lick*.

Lied, Ye lied, ye tell a lie.

Lift, The Sky or Firmament.

Liggs, Lyes.

Lills, The holes of a wind instrument of musick; hence, *Lilt up a Spring*. *Lilt it out*, Take of your drink merrily.

Limmer, A Whore.

Limp, To halt.

Lin, A Cataract.

Ling, Quick career in a straight line, to gallop.

Lingle, Cord, shoe-maker's threed.

Linkan, Walking speedily.

Lire, Breasts. *Item*, The most muscular parts; sometimes the air or complexion of the face

Lirk, A wrinkle or fold.

Lisk, The Flank.

Lith,

Lith, A joint.
Loan, A little common
 near to country vil-
 lages, where they milk
 their cows.
Loch, A Lake.
Loo, To love.
Loof, The hollow of the
 hand.
Looms, Tools, instru-
 ments in general. Vef-
 fels.
Loot, Did let.
Low, Flame.
Lowan, Flaming.
Lown, Calm. *Keep Lown*,
 Be secret.
Loun, Rogue, whore,
 villain.
Lounder, A sound blow.
Lout, To bow down,
 making courtesy. To
 stoop.
Luck, To enclose, shut
 up, fasten; hence,
Lucken-handed, close
 fist, *Lucken Gowans*,
Booths, &c.
Lucky, Grandmother or
 Goody.
Lug, Ear. Handle of a
 pot or vessel.
Luggie, A dish of wood
 with a handle.
Lum, The Chimney.
Lure, Rather.
Lyart, Hoary or grey-
 hair'd.

M A

M *Agil*, To mangle.
Maik or *Make*,
 Match, equal.
Maiklefs, Matchless.
Mailen, A Farm.
Makly, Seemly, well-
 proportion'd.
Maksna, 'Tis no matter.
Malison, A Curse, male-
 diction.
Mangit, Gall'd or bruised
 by toil or stripes.
Mank, A want.
Mant, To stammer in
 speech.
March or *Merch*, A land-
 mark, border of lands.
Marb, The Marrow.
Marrow, Mate, fellow,
 equal, comrade.
Mask, To mash, in brew-
 ing. *Masking-loom*,
 Mash-vat.
Maun, Must. *Mauna*,
 Must not, may not.
Meikle, Much, big, great,
 large.
Meith, Limit, mark, sign.
Mends, Satisfaction, re-
 venge, retaliation. To
 make a mends, To make
 a grateful return.
Menfe, Discretion, sobri-
 ety, good breeding.
Mensfou, Mannerly.
Menzie, Company of
 men,

men, army, assembly,
one's followers.

Messen, A little dog, lap-
dog.

Midding, A Dunghill.

Midges, Gnats, little flies.

Mim, Affectedly modest.

Mint, Aim, endeavour.

Mirk, Dark.

Miscaw, To give names.

Mischance, Misfortune.

Misken, To neglect or
not take notice of one;
also, Let alone.

Misflushous, Malicious,
rough.

Misters, Necessities,
wants.

Mittans, Woolen gloves

Mony, Many.

Moels, The earth of the
grave.

Mou, Mouth.

Moup, To eat, generally
used of children, or of
old people, who have
but few teeth, and make
their lips move fast,
tho' they eat but slow.

Mow, A Pile or Bing, as
of feuel, hay, sheaves
of corn, &c.

Mows, Jest.

Muckle, See *Meikle*.

Murgullied, mismanag'd,
abused.

Mutch, Coif.

Mutchken, An English
pint.

N A

N *Acky* or *Knacky*,
Clever, active in
small affairs.

Neese, Nose.

Nettle, To fret or vex.

Newfangle, Fond of a
new thing.

Nevel, A sound blow
with the *Nive* or fist.

Nick, To bite or cheat.

Nicked, Cheated: Al-
so, as a cant word to
drink heartily; as, *He
nicks fine*.

Niest, Next.

Niffer, To exchange or
barter.

Niffnasan, Trifling.

Nignays, Trifles.

Nips, Bitts.

Nither, To straiten. *Ni-
thered*, Hungered or
half starved in mainte-
nance.

Nive, The fist.

Nock, Notch or nick of
an arrow or spindle.

Noit, See *Knoit*.

Nowt, Cows, Kine.

Nowther, Neither.

Nuckle, New calv'd
(Cows.)

O E

OE, A Grandchild.
O'er or Owre, Too much; as, A o'ers is vice.

O'ercome, Superplus.

Ony, Any.

Or, Sometimes used for e'er or before. Or Day, i. e. Before day-break.

Ora, Any thing over what's needful.

Orp, To weep with a convulsive pant.

Oughtlens, In the least.

Owk, Week.

Owrlay, A Cravat.

Owsen, Oxen.

Owthir, Either.

Oxter, The Arm-pit.

P A

P*Addock, A Frog.*
Paddock Ride, The spawn of Frogs.

Paiks, Chastisement. To paik, To beat or belabour one soundly.

Pang, To squeez, press or pack one thing into another.

Paughty, Proud, haughty
Pawky, Witty or sly in word or action, without any harm or bad designs.

Peer, A key or wharf.

Peets, Turf for fire.

Pegh, To pant.

Pensy, Finical, foppish, conceited.

Perquire, By heart.

Pett, A Favourite, a fondling. To pettle, To dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence, to take the Pett, is to be peevish or sullen, as commonly Petts are when in the least dis-oblinded.

Pibroughs, Such Highland tunes as are play'd on bag-pipes before them when they go out to battle.

Pig, An earthen pitcher.

Pike, To pick out, or chuse.

Pimpin, Pimping, mean, scurvy.

Pine, Pain or pining.

Pingle, To contend, strive or work hard.

Pirn, The spool or quill within the shuttle, which receives the yarn. Pirny (Cloath or a web) of unequal threads or colours, stripped.

Pith, Strength, might, force.

Plack, Two Bodles, or the third of a Penny English.

Pople,

Pople or *Paple*, The bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water.

Poortith, Poverty.

Powny, A little horse or Galloway; also, a Turkey.

Pouse, To push.

Pouch, A pocket.

Pratick, Practice, art, stratagem. *Priving* *Pratick*, Trying ridiculous experiments.

Prets, Tricks, rogueries.

We say, *He plaid me a Pret*, i. e. Cheated.

The Callan's fou of Prets, i. e. Has abundance of waggish tricks

Prig, To cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.

Prin, A Pin.

Prive, To prove or taste

Propine, Gift or present.

Prym or *Prime*, To fill or stuff.

Putt a Stane, Throw a big stone.

Quey, A young Cow.

R A

R *Ackless*, Careless. One who does things without regarding

whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackless handed*.

Rae, A Roe.

Raffan, Merry, roving, hearty.

Raird, A loud sound.

Rair, Roar.

Rak or *Rook*, A Mist or Fog.

Rampage, To speak and act furiously.

Rashes, Rushes.

Rave, Did rive or tear.

Raught, Reached.

Rax, To stretch. *Rax'd*, Reached.

Ream, Cream. Whence, *Reaming*; as, *Reaming Liquor*.

Redd, To rid, unravel. To separate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of any passage. *I'm redd*, I'm apprehensive.

Rede, Council, advice; as, *I wad na rede ye to do that*.

Reek, Reach; also smoak.

Reest, To rust, or dry in the smoak.

Rest, Bereft, robbed, forced or carried away.

Reif, Rapine, robbery.

Reik or *Rink*, A course or race.

Rever,

Rever, A robber or pirate
Rewth, Pity.
Rice or Rife, Bulrushes,
 bramble-branches, or
 twigs of trees.
Rife or Ryfe, Plenty.
Rift, To belch.
Rigging, The back or
 rig-back, the top or
 ridge of a house.
Ripples, A weakness in
 the back and reins.
Rock, A Distaff.
Roose or Ruse, To com-
 mend, extoll.
Rbove, To rivet.
Rottan, A Rat.
Roundel, A witty and
 often satyrick kind of
 rhyme.
Rowan, Rolling.
Rowt, To roar, especial-
 ly the lowing of bulls
 and cows.
Rowth, Plenty.
Ruck, A rick or stack of
 hay or corns.
Rude, The red taint of
 the complexion.
Ruefu, Doleful.
Rug, To pull, take away
 by force.
Rumple, The rump.
Rungs, Small boughs of
 trees lop'd off.
Runkle, A wrinkle.
Runckle, To ruffle.
Rype, To search.

S A

S Aebeins, Seeing it is.
 Since.
Saikless, Guiltless, free.
Sain'd, Blessed.
Sall, Shall. Like *Soud*
 for *Should*.
Sand-blind, Pur-blind,
 short-sighted.
Sar, Savour or smell.
Sark, A Shirt.
Saugh, A Willow or
 Sallow tree.
Saw, An old saying, or
 proverbial expression.
Scad, Scald.
Scar, The bare places on
 the sides of hills washen
 down with rains.
Scart, To scratch.
Scawp, A bare, dry piece
 of stony ground.
Scon, Bread the country
 people bake over the
 fire, thinner and broad-
 er than a *Bannock*.
Scowp, To leap or move
 hastily from one place
 to another.
Scowth, Room, freedom.
Scrimp, Narrow, strait-
 ned, little.
Scroggs, Shrubs, thorns,
 briers. *Scroggy*, thorny
Scuds, Ale. A late name
 given it by the benders.
Scunner, To loath.
Sell, Self.

Seuch,

Seuch, Furrow, ditch.

Sey, To try.

Seybow, A young Onion.

Shan, Pitiful, silly, poor.

Sharn, Cow's dung.

Shaw, A wood or forest.

Shawl, Shallow.

Shawps, Empty husks.

Sheen, Shining.

Shill, Shrill, having a sharp sound.

Shire, Clear, thin. We call thin cloath, or clear liquor, *Shire*; also, A clever wag. *A shire lick*
Shog, To wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.

Shool, Shovel.

Shoon, Shoes.

Shore, To threaten.

Shotle, A Drawer.

Sib, A kin.

Sic, Such.

Sicker, Firm, secure.

Sike, A rill or rivulet, commonly dry in Summer.

Siller, Silver.

Sindle or *Sinle*, Seldom.

Sinsyne, Since that time.

Lang sinsyne, Long ago.

Skaill, To scatter.

Skair, Share.

Skaith, Hurt, damage.

Skeigh, Skittish.

Skelf, Shelf.

Skelp, To run. Used when one runs *Bare-foot*. Also, a small splinter of wood. *It*. To flog the hips.

Skiff, To move smoothly away.

Skink, A kind of strong broth made of Cows hams or knuckles; also, to fill drink in a cup.

Skirl, To shriek or cry with a shrill voice.

Sklate, Slate. *Skailie*, is the fine blue Slate.

Skowrie, Ragged, nasty, idle.

Skreed, A Rent.

Skybald, A Tatterdemalion.

Skyt, Fly out hastily.

Slade or *Slaid*, Did slide, moved, or made a thing move easily.

Slap or *Slak*, A gap, or narrow pass between two hills. *Slap*, A breach in a wall.

Sleek, Smooth.

Sleet, A shower of half melted snow.

Slerg, To bedawb or plaister.

Slid, smooth, cunning, slip

slippery; as, *He's a slid*
Lown. Slidry, Slippery
Slippery, Sleepy.
Slonk, A mire, ditch or
 slough; to wade thro'
 a mire.
Slote, A bar or bolt for
 a door.
Slough, Husk or coat.
Smaik, A silly little piti-
 ful fellow; the same
 with *Smatchet*.
Smirky, Smiling.
Smittle, Infectious or
 catching.
Smoor, To smother.
Snack, Nimble, ready,
 cliver.
Sned, To cut.
Sneer, To laugh in deri-
 sion.
Sneg, To cut; as, *Sneg'd*
off at the Web end.
Snell, Sharp, smarting,
 bitter, firm.
Snib, Snub, check or re-
 prove, correct.
Snifter, To snuff or
 breathe thro' the nose
 a little stopt.
Snod, Metaphorically us-
 ed for neat, handsome,
 tight.
Snood, The band for ty-
 ing up a woman's hair.
Snool, To dispirit by chid-
 ing, hard labour, and

the like; also, a pitiful
 grovling slave.
Snoave, To whirl round.
Snotter, Snot.
Snurl, To ruffle, wrinkle
Sod, A thick turf.
Sonsy, Happy, fortunate,
 lucky; sometimes used
 for large and lusty.
Sore, Sorrel; redish co-
 loured.
Sorn, To sponge.
Soss, The noise that a
 thing makes, when it
 falls to the ground.
Sough, The sound of
 wind amongst trees, or
 of one sleeping.
Sowens, Flumry, or oat-
 meal sown amongst
 water for some time,
 then boiled to a con-
 sistency, and eaten with
 milk or butter.
Sowf, To conn over a
 a tune on an instru-
 ment.
Spae, To foretell or di-
 vine. *Spaemen*, Pro-
 phets, Augurs.
Spain, To wean from the
 breast.
Spait, A torrent, flood
 or inundation.
Spang, A Jump; to leap
 or jump.
Spaul, Shoulder, arm.
Speel,

Speel, To climb.
Speer, To ask, inquire.
Spelder, To split, stretch,
 draw asunder.
Spence, The place of the
 house where provisions
 are kept.
Spill, To spoil, abuse.
Spoolie, Spoil, booty,
 plunder.
Sprains, Stripes of dif-
 ferent colours.
Spring, A tune on a mu-
 sical instrument.
Sprush, Spruce.
Spruttl'd, Speckled, spot-
 ted.
Spunk, Tinder.
Stalwart, Strong, and
 valiant.
Stang, Did sling; also,
 a Sting or pole.
Stank, A pool of stand-
 ing water.
Stark, Strong, robust.
Starns, The stars. *Starn*,
 A small moiety. We
 say, *Ne'er a Starn*.
Stay, Steep; as, *Set a stout*
heart to a stay Brae.
Steek, To shut, close.
Stegh, To cram.
Stend, or *Sten*, To move
 with a hasty long pace.
Stent, To stretch or ex-
 tend.
Stipend, A Benefice.

Stirk, A Steer or Bullock.
Stoit or *Stot*, To rebound
 or reflect.
Stoor, Rough, hoarse.
Stou, To cut or crop. *A*
Stou, A large cut or
 piece.
Stound, A smarting pain
 or stitch.
Stour, Dust agitated by
 winds, men or horse
 feet. *To stour*, To run
 quickly.
Stowth, Stealth,
Strapan, Clever, tall,
 handsome.
Strath, A plain on a ri-
 ver-side.
Streck, To stretch.
Striddle, to stride, ap-
 plied commonly to
 one that's little.
Strinkle, To sprinkle or
 straw.
Stroot or *strut*, Stuff'd
 full, drunk.
Strunt, A Pet. *To take*
the strunt, To be pet-
 ted or out of humour.
Studdy, An Anvil, or
 Smith's Stithy.
Sturdy, Giddy headed.
Item. Strong.
Sture or *stoor*. Stiff,
 strong, hoarse.
Sturt, Trouble, disturb-
 ance, vexation.

Stym,

Stym, A blink, or a little
light of a thing.

Suddle, To sully or defile

Sumph, Blockhead.

Sunkan, Spleenatick.

Sunkots, Something.

Swak, To throw, cast
with force.

Swankies, Clever young
fellows.

Swarf, To swoon away.

Swash, Squat, fuddled.

Swatch, A Pattern.

Swats, Small Ale.

Swecht, Burden, weight,
force.

Sweer, Lazy, slow.

Sweeties, Confections.

Swelt, Suffocated, chok-
ed to death.

Swith, Begone quickly.

Swither, To be doubtful
whether to do this or
that.

Syne, Afterwards, then.

T A

T*Ackel*, An Arrow.

Taid, Toad.

Tane, Taken.

Tap, A Head. Such a
quantity of Lint as
Spinsters put upon the
Distaff, is called a *Lint-
tap*.

Tape, To use any thing
sparingly.

Tappit-hen, The Scots
Quart-stoup.

Tarrow, To refuse what
we love, from a cross
humour.

Tartan, Cross striped stuff
of various colours,
checker'd. The High-
land plaids.

Tass, A little dram-cup.

Tate, A small lock of hair,
or any little quantity
of wool, cotton, &c.

Taunt, To mock.

Tawpy, A foolish wench.

Taz, A whip or scourge.

Ted, To scatter, spread.

Tee, A little earth on
which gamesters at the
Gowf set their balls be-
fore they strike them
off.

Teen or *Tynd*, Anger,
rage, sorrow.

Teet, To peep out.

Tensome, The number of
Ten.

Tent, Attention. *Tenty*,
cautious.

Thack, Thatch. *Thacker*,
Thatcher.

Thae, Those.

Tharmes, Small Tripes.

Theek, To thatch.

Thig, To beg or borrow.

Thir, These.

Thole, To endure, suffer.
Thow,

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Thow, Thaw.

Thowless, Unactive, silly, lazy, heavy.

Thrawart, froward, cross, crabbed.

Thrawin, Stern and cross-grain'd.

Threep, To aver, alledge, urge and affirm boldly.

Thrimal, To press or squeez thro' with difficulty.

Thud, A Blast, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these. *Cry'd heh at ilka Thud*, i. e. Gave a groan at every blow.

Tid, Tide or time, proper time; as, *He took the Tide*.

Tift, Good order, health.

Tine, To lose. *Tint*, lost.

Tinsel, Loss.

Tip or *Tippony*, Ale sold for 2 d. the Scots pint.

Tirl or *Tir*, To uncover a house, or undress a person, strip one naked. Sometimes a short action is named a *Tirle*; as, *They took a Tirle of dancing drinking*, &c.

Titty, Sister.

Tocher, Portion, dowry.

Tod, A Fox.

Tooly, To fight. A fight or quarrel.

Toom, Empty, applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c. *Item*, To empty.

Tosh, Tight, neat.

Tesie, Warm, pleasant, half fuddled.

To the fore, In being alive, unconsumed.

Touse or *Tousle*, To rumple, tette.

Tout, The sound of a horn or trumpet.

Tow, A Rope. A *Tyburn* Necklace, or *St. John-stoun* ribband.

Towmond, A year or twelvemonth.

Trewes, Hose and breeches all of a piece.

Trig, Neat, handsome.

Troke, Exchange.

True, To true, trust, believe; as, *True ye sae*, or, *Love gars me true ye*.

Truf, Steal.

Tryst, Appointment.

Turs, Turfs. *Trus*.

Twin, To part with, or separate from.

Twitch, Touch.

Twinters, Sheep of two years old.

Tydie, Plump, fat, lucky.

Tynd, Vid. *Teen*.

Tyst,

Tyft, To entice, stir up,
allure.

U G

U*Gg*, To detest, hate,
nauseate.

Ugsome, hateful, nause-
ous, horrible.

Umwhile, The late, or
deceast sometime ago.
Of old.

Undocht or *Wandocht*, A
silly, weak person.

Uneith, Not easy.

Ungeard, naked, not clad,
unharness'd.

Unko or *Unco*, Uncouth,
strange.

Unlufome, Unlovely.

Vougy, Elevated, proud,
That boasts or brags
of any thing.

W A

W*Ad* or *Wed*, Pledge,
wager, pawn; also,
Would.

Waff, Wandring by itself

Wak, Moist, wet.

Wale, To pick and chuse.
The Wale, i. e. The
best.

Walop, To move swiftly
with much agitation.

Wally, Chosen, beautiful,
large. *A bonny Wally*,
i. e. A fine thing.

Wame, Womb.

Wandought, Want of
dought. Impotent.

Wangrnce, Wickedness,
want of grace.

War, Worse.

Warlock, Wizard.

Wat or *Wit*, To know.

Waught, A large draught,
Waughts, drinks large-
ly.

Wee, Little; as, *A wan-
ton wee thing*.

Wean or *Wee ane*, a child.

Ween, Thought, imagin-
ed, supposed.

Weer, To stop or oppose.

Weir, War.

Weird, Fate or destiny.

Weit, Rain.

Wersb, Insipid, wallowish,
wanting Salt.

Whauk, Whip, beat, flog.

Whid, To fly quickly.
A Whid is a hasty
flight.

Whilk, Which.

Whilly, To cheat. *Whilly-
wha*, A Cheat.

Whindging, Whining,
speaking with a dole-
ful tone.

Whins, Furze.

Whisht, Hush. Hold your
peace.

Whisk, To pull out ha-
stily.

Whomilt,

Whomilt, Turn'd upside down.

Wight, Stout, clever, active. *Item*, A man or person.

Wimpling, A turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river.

Win or *Won*, To reside, dwell.

Winna, Will not.

Winnocks, Windows.

Winsom, Gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large; we say, *My winsome Love*.

Wirrykow, A Bugbear.

Wisent, Parch'd, dry'd, wither'd.

Wistle, To exchange (money.)

Withershins, Cross motion, or against the Sun.

Woo or *W*, Wool; as in the whim of making five words out of four letters, thus, *z, a, e, w*, (*i. e.*) Is it all one wool.

Wood, Mad.

Woody, The Gallows.

Wordy, Worthy.

Wow! Strange! Wonderful!

Wreaths, Of snow, when heaps of it are blown together by the wind.

Wysing, Inclining. *To wyse*, To lead, train.

Wyson, The gullet.

Wyt, to blame. Blame.

Y A

Y *Amph*, To bark, or make a noise like little dogs.

Yap, Hungry, having a longing desire for any thing ready.

Yealtou, Yea wilt thou.

Yed, To contend, wrangle

Yeld, Barren, as a Cow that gives no milk.

Yerk, To do any thing with celerity.

Yesk, The hiccup.

Yett, Gate.

Yestreen, Yesternight.

Youdith, Youthfulness.

Yowden, Wearied.

Yowf, A swinging blow.

Yuke, The Itch.

Yule, Christmas.

